

Good Deeds ill Requited

# AN ANSWER

INNOCENCE UNVEILED

# A POEM

In Vindication of Dr. Oates and Mr. Badloe

W<sup>h</sup>ile Solomon has said, 'Tis sometimes fit  
To answer one, that has no Sense nor Wit,  
Lest the vain Fop grow wise, in's own Conceit.  
A Poem I Bless us, Master! railing Rhimes,  
Where Discord only, and no Musick chimes:  
Where Malice, and no Wit or Sense is shown,  
And Puddle-dirt at worthy men is thrown.  
That mortal man in paltry Rhime should prate,  
Like a she-Orator of Ballinggate;  
Who, if she ever did at Crambo play,  
Might rail in Rhime, and better things would say.  
Poor quibbling Fool did lack some Dutch drink,  
To help inspire his wooden Wit, I think,  
Who his fine Poem usher'd (out upon't!)  
With a most silly Quibble in the Front.  
Those very Men his Worship termeth Fools,  
Handle edge, better than he rhiming, tools.  
And tho' these men he Scoundrels calls in scorn,  
And doth with Coxcombs, Fools, and Knaves, adorn  
His railing Verse; they shall in Scorn dwell  
In Heav'nly Fame, like Angels that ne'er fell,  
Whilst such as he lie in Oblivious Hell.  
What Stuff he's made of, all the world may see;  
But Jesuit's Heart won't with Fool's Brain agree.

We

We can his Spleen however well detect ;  
 Their Evidence he'd make of no effect.  
 At that alone his *Quitting Verles* look,  
 A safer way indeed than *Reading* took :  
 But 'twill not do ; his *Rhymes* do *Reason* lack,  
 For all the *Law*, of which you so much crack ;  
 The Foil'd may rise and lay some on their back.  
 Touch the gall'd back of any furious Beast,  
 He'll bite and kick, or wince and fling at least ;  
 And he that meddles, when the Beast does feel,  
 Had need be guarded well, 'gainst iron heel.  
 I am no *Surgeon*, and shan't rake in Sore ;  
 The World have Eyes, and I shall say no more.  
 If some say Black is White, I am content,  
 Or call a *running Sore* an Ornament.  
 The *Romans* did not cackling *Geese* despise,  
 Who kept their *Capitol* from a Surprise :  
 But we fling *Dirt* at men, like unwise *Sots*,  
 Who have the *Nation* sav'd from *Jesuits* Plots.  
 Since *Jesuits* can't the *Nation* now trepan,  
 They'll do it all the *Mischief* that they can,  
 And with foul *Mouths*, worse *Pen*, and lying *Notes*,  
 Rail with full Cry, at *Bedloe*, and at *Oates*.  
 Who will hereafter *Treason* Plots make known,  
 If no Encouragement to these are shown  
 When scurrilous *Pamphleteers* shall daily try  
 To make their Evidence to seem a Lye ;  
 To make them *Juglers*, wicked, perjur'd *Knaves*,  
*Inventors* of strange Plots, the worst of *Slaves* ;  
 Men who of right by us should honour'd be,  
 Their Names made great to all Posterity ;  
 And for Encouragement, and greater Grace,  
 Their *Statues* set up in some publick place.  
 Whate'er that scribbling *Poetaster* writes,  
 Those very *Comments* which his *Worship* lights,  
 May in good time make *Truth* and *Justice* known ;  
 And who the *Knaves* are then, will best be shown.  
 Then *Oates* and *Bedloe's* Story will be told,  
 And 'twill appear they have not been too bold,  
 But that both *Truth* and *Justice* once was sold.

